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The Ride of Collins Graves.

An Incident of the Flood in Massachusetts, on May 16th, 1874.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

The peaceful valley was waked and stirred,
And the answering echoes of life are heard;
The dew still clings to the trees and grass,
And the early toilers smiling pass,
As they glance aside at the white-walled homes,
Or up the valley, where merrily comes
The brook that sparkles in diamond rills
As the sun comes over the Hampshire hills.
What was it, that passed like an ominous breath?
Like a shiver of fear or a touch of death?
What was it? The valley is peaceful still,
And the leaves are afire on top of the hill;
It was not a sound, nor a thing of sense—
But a pain, like the pang of the short suspense
That wraps the being of those who see
At their feet the gulf of Eternity

The air of the valley has felt the chill;
The workers pause at the door of the mill;
The housewife, keen to the shivering air,
Arrests her foot on the cottage stair,
Instinctively taught by the mother-love,
And thinks of the sleeping ones above!

Why start the listeners? Why does the course
Of the mill-stream widen? Is it a horse?
Hark to the sound of his hoofs, they say,
That gallops so wildly Williamsburg way?

God! what was that, like a human shriek
From the winding valley? Will nobody speak?
Will nobody answer those women who cry
As the awful warnings thunder by?

Whence come they? Listen! And now they hear
The sound of the galloping horse-hoofs near;
They watch the trend of the vale, and see
The rider, who thunders so menacingly,
With waving arms and warning scream,
To the home filled banks of the valley stream.
He draws no rein, but he shakes the street
With a shout and the ring of the galloping feet,
And this the cry that he flings to the wind:
'To the hills for your lives! The flood is behind."

He cries and is gone; but they know not the worst—
The treacherous Williamsburg dam has burst!
The basin that nourished their happy homes
Is changed to a demon—It comes! it comes!

A monster in aspect, with shaggy front
Of shattered dwellings, to take the brunt
Of the dwellings they shatter—white-maned and hoarse,
The merciless terror fills the course
Of the narrow valley, and rushing raves,
With Death on the first of its hissing waves,
Till cottage and street and crowded mill
Are crumbled and crushed.
But onward still,
In front of the roaring flood is heard
The galloping horse and the warning word.
Thank God, that the brave man's life is spared!
From Williamsburg town he nobly dared
To race with the flood and to take the road
In front of the terrible swath it mowed.
For miles it thundered and crashed behind,
But he looked ahead with a steadfast mind;
"They must be warned!" was all he said,
As away on his terrible ride he sped.

When heroes are called for, bring the crown
To this Yankee rider; send him down
On the stream of time with the Curtius old;
His deed as the Roman's was brave and bold,
And the tale can as noble a thrill awake,
For he offered his life for the people's sake.

A WOMAN'S RESOLUTION.

My husband came tenderly to my side.

"Are you going out this evening, love?"

"Of course I am."

I looked down complacently at my dress of pink crape, dew-dropped over with crystal, and the trails of pink azaleas that caught up its folds here and there. A diamond bracelet encircled one round white arm, and a little cross blazed fitfully at my throat. I had never looked better, and I felt a sort of girlish pride as my eye met the fairy reflection in the mirror.

"Come, Gerald, make haste!—why, you haven't begun to dress yet!"

Where were my wifely instincts that I did not see the haggard, drawn look in his features—the fevered light in his eyes?

"I can't go to-night, Madeline—I am not well enough."

"You are never well enough to oblige me, Gerald. I am tired of being put off with such excuses."

He made no answer, but dropped his head in his hand on the table before him.

"Oh, come, Gerald," I urged petulantly. "It is so awkward for me to go alone, always."

He shook his head listlessly.

"I thought perhaps you would be willing to remain at home with me, Madeline."

"Men are so selfish," I said, plaintively, "and I am all dressed. Claudia took half an hour for my hair. I dare say you'll be a great deal quieter without me—that is, if you are determined not to go."

No answer again.

"Well, if you choose to be sullen, I can't help it," I said lightly, as I turned and went out of the room, adjusting my silver bouquet-holder, the tuberoses and heliotropes seeming to distill incense at every motion.

Was I heartless and cruel? Had I ceased to love my husband? From the bottom of my heart I believed that I loved him as truly and tenderly as ever wife did, but I had been so spoiled and petted all my brief, selfish life, that the better instincts were, so to speak, entombed alive.

I went to the party and had my fill of adulation and homage, as usual. The hours seemed to glide away, shod with roses and winged with music and rich perfume; and it was not until, wearied with dancing, I sought a momentary refuge in the half-lighted tea-room, that I heard words awakening me, as it were, from a dream: "Gerald Clen!" I could not be mistaken in the name—it was scarcely common-place enough for that. They were talking—two or three stout, business like looking gentlemen—in the hall without, and I could catch, now and then, a fugitive word or phrase.

"Fine, enterprising young fellow!—great pity!—totally ruined, so Bees and McMorken say!—reckless extravagance of his wife!"

All these vague fragments I heard, and then some one said:

"And what is he going to do now?"

"What can he do? I am sorry; yet he should have calculated his income and his expenses better." "Or his wife should. Deuce take these women—they are at the bottom of all a man's troubles!"

And they laughed! Oh, how could they? I had yet to learn how easy it is in this world to bear other people's troubles.

I rose hurriedly up, with my heart beating tumultuously beneath the pink azaleas, and went back to the lighted corridors. Albany Moore was waiting to claim my hand for the next redowa.

"Are you ill, Mrs. Clen?" How pale you look!"

"I—I am not very well. I wish you would have my carriage called, Mr. Moore." For now I felt that home was the place for me.

Hurried by some unaccountable impulse, I sprang out the moment the carriage wheels touched the curbstone, and rushed up to my husband's room. The door was locked, but I could see a light shining under the threshold. I knocked wildly and persistently.

"Gerald! Gerald! For Heaven's sake let me in!"

Something fell on the marble hearthstone within, making a metallic clink, and my husband opened the door a little way. I had never seen him look so pale before or so rigid, yet so determined.

"Who are you?" he demanded wildly. "Why can't you leave me in peace?"

"It's I, Gerald—your Madeline—your own little wife."

And I caught from his hand the pistol he was striving to conceal in his breast—its mate lay on the marble hearth under the mantle—and flung it out of the window.

"Gerald, would you have left me?"

"I would have escaped!" he cried, still half delirious to all appearance. "Debt, disgrace—misery—her reproaches—I would have escaped them all!"

His head fell like that of a weary child on my shoulder. I drew him gently to a sofa, and soothed him with a thousand murmured words, a thousand mute caresses; for had it not been all my fault? And through all the long weeks of fear that followed I nursed him with unwavering care and devotion. I had but one thought—one desire—to redeem myself in his estimation; to prove to him that I was something more and higher than the mere butterfly of fashion I had hitherto shown myself. Well, the March winds had howled themselves into their mountain fastnesses; the bright April raindrops were dried on the bough and spray—and now the apple-blossoms were tossing their fragrant billows of pinky bloom in the deep blue air of latter May. Where were we now? It was a picturesque little cottage just out of the city, furnished very like a magnified baby house. Gerald sat in a cushioned easy chair on the piazza, just where he could glance through the open window at me working a batch of biscuits, with my sleeves rolled up above my elbows, and the "gold-thread" hair neatly confined in a silken net.

"What an industrious fairy it is," he said, smiling sadly.

"Well, you see I like it! It's a great deal better than those sonatas on the piano!"

"Who would ever have thought you would make such a notable housekeeper?"

I laughed gleefully—I had a child's delight in being praised.

"Are you not going to Miss Delancy's croquet party?" he pursued.

"No—what do I care for croquet parties? I'm going to finish your shirts, and you'll read aloud to me."

"Madeline, I want you to answer me one question."

"What is it?"

I had safely deposited my pan of biscuits in the oven by this time, and was dusting the flour off my hands.

"What have you done with your diamonds?"

"I sold them long ago; they paid several heavy bills, besides settling half a year's rent here."

"But Madeline, you were so proud of your diamonds."

"I was once—now they would be the bitterest reproaches my eyes could meet. O, Gerald! had I been less vain and thoughtless and extravagant—"

I checked myself, and a robin singing in the perfumed depths of apple-blossoms above the piazza took up the current of sound.

"That's right, little red-breast," said my husband, half jokingly, "talk her down! She has forgotten that our pass is dead, and that we have turned over a new page in the book of existence. Madeline, do you know how I feel, sometimes, when I sit and look at you?"

"No."

"Well, I feel like a widower who was married again."

My heart gave a little superstitious jump.

"Like a widower who was married again, Gerald?"

"Yes, I can remember my first wife—a brilliant, thoughtless child, without an idea beyond the gratification of present whims—a spoiled plaything! Well, that little Madeline has vanished away into the past somewhere; she has gone away to return no more, and in her stead I behold my second wife—a thoughtful, tender woman, whose watchful love surrounds me like an atmosphere, whose character grows more noble, and develops itself into new depth and beauty every day!"

I was kneeling by his side now, with my cheek upon his arm and my eyes looking into his.

"And which do you love best, Gerald, the first or the second wife?"

"I think the trials and vicissitudes through which we have just passed are welcome indeed, since they have brought me, as their harvest fruits, the priceless treasure of my second wife."

That was what Gerald answered me, the sweetest words that ever fell upon my ear.

Sam Slick on Lawyers.

Few things resemble each other in nature more than an old cunnin' lawyer and a spider. He weaves his thread in a corner with no light to show the thread of his net, but in a shade like; there he waits in his dark office to receive a visitor. A buzzin', buzzin', tho'tless fly, thinking o' nothin' but his beautiful wings, and well-made legs, and rather near-sighted withal, comes stumbling head over heels into the net.

"I beg your pardon," says the fly, "I really didn't see this net-work of yours—the weather is so foggy and the streets are so confounded dark; I'm afraid I've done mischief."

"Not at all," said the spider, bowin'. "I guess it's all my fault. I reckon I had ought to have hung a lamp out; but stay—don't move, or you may do damage. Allow me to assist you." And then he ties up one leg, and has him as fast as a Gibraltar.

"Now," says the spider, "my good friend (a phrase a feller uses when he's agoin' to be tricky), I'm afraid you've hurt yourself a considerable sum. I must bleed you."

"Bleed me!" says the fly. "Excuse me, I am much obliged to you, but I don't require it."

"O, yes you do, my dear friend," and he gets ready for the operation.

"If you dare do that," says the fly, "I'll knock you down; and I am a man that what I lay down I stand on."

"You had better get up first," says the spider, laughing; "you must pay the damage." And he bleeds him till he gasps for breath and feels faintin' comin' on.

"Let me go, good fellow," says the poor fly, "and I'll pay you liberally."

"Pay?" says the spider, "you miserable wretch; you have nothing to pay with—take that;" and he gives him the last dig, and he is a gone coon—bled to death.

Pinned Down by a Rock.

The Rochester *Union* is responsible for the following story concerning a laborer named Patrick Murphy, whom his employer, Mr. Ellsworth Stevens, a farmer living in the village of Bergen, Genesee county, had ordered to excavate beneath a large rock, estimated to weigh thirty tons, and to sink it in the earth deep enough to permit of tilling the soil covering it: Murphy commenced the work Saturday morning, and at 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon had made the pit almost large enough, when the large rock rolled into the excavation, catching him by the leg about the knee and pinning him to the earth. Murphy made frantic cries for assistance, but none came, and through all the long night he tried to excavate the earth beneath his leg in order to extricate himself, but the weight of the stone forced it into the depression. Sunday forenoon passed, and he made up his mind that he must perish. About 6 o'clock Sunday evening Mr. Stevens, while walking over his farm, heard the cries of the unfortunate man, and discovered Murphy's predicament. Word was rapidly passed through the neighborhood, and scores of strong and willing men were soon on the spot, and Murphy was released from his terrible position. Strange to say, he was found to have no bones broken. There was a deep gash in his leg, near the knee, and the limb was benumbed. He had worn his finger nails off, and the flesh on the ends of his fingers to the bone, in his endeavors to release himself.

The Story of Cinderella.

About the year 1730, an actor of equal talent and wealth, named Thevenard, in passing through the streets of Paris, observed upon a cobbler's stall the shoe of a female, which struck him by the remarkable smallness of its size. After admiring it for some time he returned to his house, but his thoughts reverted to the shoe with such intensity that he re-appeared at the stall the next day; but the cobbler could give him no clue to the owner than that it had been left in his absence for the purpose of being repaired. Day after day did Thevenard return to his post to watch the re-integration of the slipper, which proceeded slowly, nor did the proprietor appear to claim it. Although he had completed the sixtieth year of his age, so extravagant became his passion for the unknown fair one, that he became (were it possible for a Frenchman of that day to be so) melancholy and miserable. His pain, however, was somewhat appeased by the *avatar* of the little foot itself, appertaining to a pretty and youthful girl of the very humblest class of life. All distinctions were leveled at once by love; the actor sought the parents of the female, procured their consent to the match, and actually made her his wife.

An Indian Story.

Such stories as the following, the truth of which is vouched for by a San Francisco journal, tend to restore our faith in the native heroism of poor Lo and incline to the belief that, after all, the reviled Indian's code of honor and gallantry is not nearly as black as has been painted: Six weeks ago seven male Indians and a young Indian woman started to cross Clear Lake, near the northern end, in a small boat, which was capsized three miles from land. They righted it, but as the lake was rough they could not bail it out, and while full of water it would not support more than one person. The men put the girl in and held on to the edges of the boat, supporting themselves by swimming, till exhausted and chilled through by the cold water, and then dropped off and sank one by one. They showed no thought of disputing the young woman's exclusive right to the boat. She was saved by their self-sacrifice.

EARLY DAYS OF THE U. S. CONGRESS.

John Quincy Adams as Depicted by an "old Stager."

As he proceeded in his remarks, says an "old stager," in speaking of John Quincy Adams, he warmed with his subject, and his high, broad forehead began to change in color, streaks of crimson creeping up, one after another, reminding one of a milk-white cloud illumined by lightning, until the whole surface of the head looked as if tinged with blood. When the transformation became complete, his face suffused and his eye flashing, he seemed to increase in size, his tones grew louder and more impressive, his sentences, vituperative and denunciatory, were delivered like round shot, hot and heavy, and those to whom he applied the lash were always to be commiserated. He never forgot an injury, and rarely forgave those who wantonly assailed him. I remember a terrible excoriation which he gave Charles Jared Ingersoll, a member of Congress from Philadelphia. Mr. Ingersoll had held the office of district attorney by the appointment of Mr. Adams, and he turned against him in the campaign af 1828, not only supporting General Jackson with great zeal and earnestness, but abusing Mr. Adams in a spirit of vindictive ferocity.

They got into a controversy in the House, which led to a sharp personal altercation. Mr. Adams closed the discussion with a few sentences so charged with pungent sarcasm and just indignation that his victim made no rejoinder, nor ever afterward renewed the attack or attempted any vindication. "The gentleman from Philadelphia knows," said Mr. Adams, "who appointed him to a responsible and lucrative office against the best wishes and best judgment of the best friends of the administration. He knows to whose favor he owed that appointment, when there were many able and distinguished competing candidates. He knows the office was given him out of personal regard, and he knows how he repaid his benefactor."

There was a painful scene on the floor a short time afterward, in which Mr. Adams came in conflict with Mr. Wise, Cost Johnson, and several other fire-eaters, who provoked the old gentleman past bearing. The galleries of the House were crowded, Mrs. Wise, an amiable, accomplished, and charming woman, being among the spectators, and her father, the venerable John Sergeant, occupying a seat near Mr. Adams. The subject of dueling came up accidentally, and Mr. Adams improved the occasion to lash with characteristic severity every body who professed to be governed by the code. Referring to the duel in which Cilley lost his life, Mr. Adams said Wise stood there with clots of blood, drawn from the murdered man, on his brow. Johnson interposed with an explanatory observation. "Ha! another duelist!" said Mr. Adams.

Wise had said that the tone of the House had got to be disgracefully lowered, that opprobrious language and insulting epithets were exchanged and no demand for satisfaction made; hard words were common enough, but there was never a fight.

Johnson then got the floor. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "we have heard much of foul language, and nobody held responsible for it. Now I desire to give this House fair monition. If any man on this floor, be he Whig or anti-Whig (always excepting the distinguished and venerable gentleman from Massachusetts, with whom no man can have a personal difficulty), presumes to say what I will do or will not do in a given state of things, if he has any doubt whether I will hold him responsible, let him say one injurious word—nay, let him look an affront—and see whether there will be a fight or not."

Mr. Adams continued his remarks, and such a castigation as the fighting men received at his hands has rarely been inflicted. Mr. Wise got the most of it, Mr. Adams having been in the House when Cilley was killed. Wise replied with so much feeling, and in such excellent taste, that Mr. Sergeant took him by both hands, and, overcome by emotion, cried like a child.

An Accident Did It.

Mrs. East, the wife of an English paper maker, is said to have been the first producer of blue tinted writing paper. Going among the vats while the workmen were away for their dinner hour, she let a blue-bag fall into one of them, and horrified at the mischief she had done, said not a word about the matter. The spoiled paper was hidden away in his warehouse by the angry paper maker for four years; then he sent it to his London agent to be sold for what it would fetch. The novelty was admired, and the agent not only sold the whole stock of blue paper at a high price, but asked for more. Then Mrs. East unbosomed herself, claiming a new cloak as the reward for her fortunate carelessness, and her husband was enabled for a while to reap a rich harvest, until the demand became so great that other makers devised means for the same end, and manufactured blue paper as a matter of course. Even those now necessary utilities, envelopes, originated accidentally. A Brighton stationer took a fancy for dressing his window with piles of writing paper, rising gradually from the largest to the smallest size in use, and to finish his pyramids off nicely, he cut cards to bring them to a point. Taking these cards for diminutive note paper, lady customers were continually wanting some of "that dear little paper," and the stationer found it advantageous to cut some paper to the desired pattern. But then there was no space for addressing the notelets when they were folded; and after much cogitation, he invented the envelope, which he cut with the aid of metal plates made for the purpose. The sale increased so rapidly that he was unable to produce his envelopes fast enough; so he commissioned a dozen houses to make them for him, and thus set going an important branch of the manufacturing stationery trade.

A PICTURE OF THE FLOOD.

A Thrilling Picture of the Mill River Valley after the Disaster.

A correspondent of the *World*, writing from the Mill River Valley in Massachusetts, says: The dam gave way at the bottom, while Cheney, the gate tender, had gone to breakfast after an examination of it. The stream, "as big as a man's arm," had become a stream as big as a man's waist, and was tearing rents at the base of the dam, and, as Cheney ran for his horse, had swept through in a semi-circle, and then it was really too late to do anything but ride away like the wind and try and save a few lives. Now there is left of this dam an embankment of earth and walls swept and snapped off short on either side, and a broken tower of stone near the middle.

Well, the dam broke away, and the water behind it. A dead weight of millions of tons became in an instant a hammer stroke of millions of tons. Hurry now, Cheney! Ignorance and neglect and greed have begun a work which all the knowledge and care in the world cannot stop till it is thoroughly done to the end. Yours be it to save the lives which ignorance and neglect and greed have put into so terrible a danger. Ten minutes' hard gallop, good horse, over the mountain road. Ten minutes—but where will the water be in ten minutes? Where is it when Cheney on his weary horse is shouting to the families of Williamsburg to arise and get them to the hills for their lives? Behind him? Ah, yes, it was—one second ago. Now it is abreast of him and has passed him, and is playing a terrible game among the little white cottages that looked so clean and pure in the soft rain when he came within sight of them by the graveyard at the turn in the road. The wall of mud-blackened water is upon them. Will anything, anybody escape that fearful flood which has brought down from its hills great fragments split from the gneiss rocks, and is hurling along ten ton weights of stone as boys kick on a foot-ball. There is a house now standing unharmed, on every side of which are the shaven cellars of houses whose fragments are seven miles away. Here there lived a livery stable man, who was sitting at breakfast with his wife when the roar of the flood reached him. Up they went to the roof hand in hand, not hoping to escape, yet just hoping. Crash went a whirl of boulders through the house above. Then there was a sharp cracking to the east, and their barn was in kindling wood. The water was almost upon them. Had it but touched the house with its edge only, they had been shaken off into its grasp. They waited for it, and kept waiting in agony. An eddy swept round below them and took off a house with a family in it. They were between flood above and flood below, and still waiting. "Bell," says I, "I think the water is goin' down a leetle on that house above." She didn't say anythin', but jest gripped me, an' then—I s'pose it was about ten minutes—an' I was sure it was goin' down, an' by George it did go down an' didn't touch our house, an' there we was, safe. Only we see our neighbors that was an' their houses carried off down the stream. I'spose we were on the roof half an hour." Half an hour. No village of the four that lay in the track of the flood was exposed for more than half an hour to the tremendous thrust of the burdened waves. "I tell you," continued the livery stable man. "Ive been through freshets before and floods before, but nothin' like this. Years ago, down at Winstead, I was caught in the water, and rode on a tree over two dams, one thirty feet deep an' the other fifteen, an' I tell you I was just mad. But this time, I don't deny it, I was scairt."

In an hour and a half from the beginning the last house had been upset or torn into bits. Quick and terrible work. Williamsburg, Skinnerville, Haydenville, Leeds, pleasant little towns, with white cottages arranged in straight rows and rectangles, and with a wide spread of green meadows to the south or west; little feudal hamlets; busy little places, with plenty of factories, plenty of bustling life and hard work; pretty, clustered villages, clinging each around some tall chimney, all standing on the broad flats, with hills of more and more gentle slope, down and down the valley, not hemming them in, but making way for them from out the bold mountains above. Such was the valley before the storm of water, loosed by neglect, fell upon it, and turned the flats into deserts and the gentle hills into the barriers of such a deluge as Massachusetts had never seen before. At Williamsburg the torrent was as deep as it was wide, but here it reached the plain and spread into a flood. The flood went straight down the valley. It attacked Skinnerville, not with water merely, but with the bones of Williamsburg, great timbers and tree-boles, and the stones which it lifted and whirled along. It attacked Haydenville with weapons caught up from both villages above, and was here a torrent thick with dead bodies. Here there is a sudden bend eastward and a narrowing in the old stream-bed just above the first dam. The flood, thus for a moment contracted, raised into a wall in its very front the spoils of the bridges, houses, orchards, it had swept away. It hurled before it a great boiler picked up at Skinnerville, and descended headlong on this third village. It made a sieve of the brick factory, tore out another boiler, laid hold of two great iron safes, and added these to its weapons; piled house upon house-top, drove two houses into one, cut one house into two, splintered others, turned an island meadow into a desert of sand, smooth as a billiard-table, except where strewn with tree-trunks and stones, and carried sixty bodies on towards Leeds. Leeds it struck on the northwestern corner and broke for itself a straight path through till it landed thirty dead in a twisted mass of rubbish against the hill below Warner's flats. The loss of life was terrible, but undoubtedly far less than it would have been but for milkman Collins Graves, who carried the news of the flood just a breathing space ahead of the flood from Williamsburg through Skinnerville to Haydenville.

Is it any wonder that all this ruin should be a Mecca of sight-seers day after day? So men had come quietly to look upon something great, something worth seeing and worth telling of for years. There were very few women, except those of the valley, or friends who had come to help lay out the dead, and no ill-behavior, except among some stray visitors who looked on while the gangs were working to get out the dead from some of the tangled, twisted, stacked heaps of rubbish with which the plain abounded. One of these gangs just below Skinner's was led by the man who expected to find his wife in the pile they were untwisting and hewing through. "Kin you identify this, John?" "Do you know this red cloak, John?" The man didn't talk He shook his head and worked on. Finally when they were nearing the bottom of the heap, and a bit of mud-stained white cloth with tatting sewed upon it had been fished out and discussed and laid aside, up came a strange man into the crowd and by a few inquiries of bystanders put himself into possession of the facts. Then he walked up to "John:" "Hain't found yer wife yet, hev ye?" The man shook him off as one shakes off a fly, but without a word, and by and by the curious stranger went his way, leaving the man who hadn't found his wife tossing off timbers from the heap, dreading the discovery he longed for because he would at least give his wife's body a funeral service before burial.

As curiosity brought many of the visitors, their visit, if inopportune, was pardonable because of the grand and awful sight there was to see—a desert of water, of things strange and uncouth; wrought into shape like nothing on earth—a pandemonium wherein the presiding chance worked out the most bizarre effects of grouping eye has looked on outside the various landscapes along the Yellowstone. Over the green of the meadows is laid two feet of sand or of gigantic gravel, every stone of which is a boulder. The plough of the torrent has scooped out strangely winding gulches in the earth whose edges are already eroded and worn smooth under the water which was at once plow and harrow. Groves of young trees are bent to the ground and left flattened with their limbs tangled in drift and debris. Stronger trees, if they were in the full swing of the current, are uprooted or snapped off. If they were at one side the flood has left with them stacks of timber, of tree trunks, of iron scraps, of clothes, of rocks, of earth. Away up in a tree-top oftentimes is a shapeless something that was the wooden side of a house or its tin roof, and then down again in the track of the flood are the broken houses, of which you know by their dilapidation that the life has been shaken out of them and turned into death in the abyss of the stream. And of all this seven miles, from Williamsburg to Northampton itself, and to end it at Northampton a railway embankment sapped and guttered and sucked away, a bridge gone, an immense factory roof lifted over an embankment into a mud-covered and rubbish-laden flat below, with washings of seven miles of ruin all around, and ninety minutes was enough to make such chaos as this out of a New England paradise.

"COAL OIL TOMMY."

The Oleaginous Youth in the Hands of the Philistines.

The talk among the fraternity of sporting men in Troy just now, says the *Times*, is concerning the failure of an up-town faro bank, which has been run by a dashing young fellow known as "Coal Oil Tommy," but not the original of that name.

It appears that the Troy "Coal Oil Tommy" was a resident of New York, and was at one time employed in the Mercantile Library of that city. Some time ago his father died, leaving to Tommy an estate valued at above $30,000. Immediately afterwards Tommy, who had been a "fast" boy, forsook his humble position and took up the dishonorable calling of assistant in a New York gambling den. He quickly made up his mind to avail himself of the first eligible opportunity to start a faro bank himself. Some of the sharp ones, hearing of his determination, induced him to come up to Troy, and allured him by specious stories of the fine field this city would afford to a gambler of his abilities. "Coal Oil Tommy" forthwith came hither, a faro game was opened, and Tommy was the "backer" of the game.

The gamblers then began to fleece the misguided youth, and after living on his money two or three months, determined to make a grand raid on him. Accordingly, during his temporary absence, the game was opened in the morning—a very unusual proceeding, as faro banks in Troy are never open except at night. A stranger with fabulous wealth began to play, and speedily won about $1,000, and the "bank" was compelled to suspend. This was the condition of affairs when Tommy returned. He was, of course, amazed, but his associates explained it all to him, and said it was only necessary to secure more funds in order to "clean out" the lucky gambler who had "fought the tiger" so successfully. "Coal Oil Tommy" immediately offered his $900 horse for sale at half price, and, failing to sell it, he dispatched an agent to New York to procure more money from his estate. When "Coal Oil Tommy" finds all his money gone—and his friends far away—won't he open his eyes, though!

A Maine clergyman says that if the bones of all the victims of intemperance could be gathered together and made into a pyramid, no plain could be found large enough for its base to rest upon, and the planets would have to be swept aside to make room for its apex.

One county agricultural society in Illinois has offered a premium of $300 to the town which has the best roads.

Items of Interest.

Filthy lucre—A bank of guano.

To a man of sensibility there is no pleasure like that of possessing a true friend.

Pompadour and Eureka fans, of medium size, are to be the predominating shapes for the coming season.

A Kansas court has decided that a husband and wife can enter a show on a ticket reading, "Admit One."

In Paris, forty artists and journalists have formed a league for the purpose of hissing without mercy all immoral pieces.

An accomplished optician suggests to the opponents of corporal punishment that the place for "pupils" is under the lash.

If you wish to travel cheaply, patronize those railroads which advertise to carry their passengers "through without change."

Another remedy has been discovered for rheumatism in London. It is a hot sand bath. This makes 7,348 remedies—all infallible!

A young lady in Indianola, Iowa, having contracted a bill of $12 for chewing gum, her unreasonable papa refuses to liquidate the same.

It is suggested by a merchant who, we fear has a stock of the article on hand, that gunny-cloth is a very appropriate material for artillery men's uniforms.

The only responsibilities which a weak man ever accepts are responsibilities which can be perpetually pointed out to him as resting exclusively on his own shoulders.

Knowledge is a comfortable and necessary retreat and shelter for us in an advanced age; and if we do not plant it while young, it will give us no shade when we grow old.

The most trying circumstances under which a boy can be placed is when another boy in the alley is winking at him, and his father is offering him a nickel to carry in a pile of wood.

One of the best preserved of the customs handed down to us by our ancestors, is burning straw bedding in the back yard. A few fresh bones in the heap imparts an aroma that no one can describe, although many of the neighbors will try to.

All Swept Away.

Skinnerville, one of the villages destroyed by the Mill River disaster, so a correspondent says, was named after William Skinner. He has a brother, George Skinner, in Yonkers. The silk works of Skinnerville are owned by William Skinner. The big brick factory, worth $125,000, and where were employed 125 men, was destroyed in three minutes. Not a brick is left. Not a shaft. The boiler was carried away.

"How was it done?" I asked Mr. Skinner.

"I don't know, sir. I was just sitting down to breakfast. I heard the factory bell tap once. I thought of fire. I jumped up to look out and saw the bank of water coming. I dodged back, handed the baby to Nell and told her to fly to the hill. I went behind to hurry her up. I looked back and the factory was gone. It went like lightning—bricks, irons—everything."

"It was a sea of foam and houses. I've been on the Atlantic in a storm. That was it, a big wave dashing over the deck, but on the top of that wave, yesterday, were houses, trees and lumber."

"But I don't see a single brick left," I said, pointing to where the factory used to stand. "Where are the bricks?"

"Gone, sir! floated down the stream. Why, my big safe—my big Marvin's safe—has floated off too, and we've been looking for it all day. I wouldn't be surprised if we should find it floating around on the Connecticut river or maybe out on the Sound," and Mr. S., though he had just lost $150,000, actually laughed at the idea.

"Where did these bricks all go to?" I asked.

"I don't know. It's a mystery to me how my brick and iron shop has entirely floated away," replied Mr. Skinner. "But you see they're gone."

A moment afterwards and Mr. George Skinner arrived from Yonkers. As he saw his brother he smiled and remarked—

"New, Bill, you won't have any of these bonds troubling you any more. No more Saratoga—no——"

"No, George, it's all gone," interrupted the stricken brother—the work of a lifetime—$150,000 yesterday, and to-day not a cent."

"But you have your wife and children, Bill—you're all right. As the brother said this four eyes moistened, two brothers grasped hands and mingled their tears together. Their twinkling eyes were moistened in tears, and their laughing faces became long with sympathetic sorrow.

The flood went down so quick that Mr. Skinner's residence was left with four feet of water in it. This broke through the floor, and all the furniture, pianos, and pictures poured down into the cellar. Potatoes and pianos, pictures and pork, books and bacon became terribly mixed.

Cleaning Glassware.

Dr. I. Walz, who has devoted considerable attention to the uses and properties of potassium permanganate, has devised the following neat and effective method of cleaning glassware: The vessel to be cleaned is filled, or, if large, rinsed with a moderately dilute solution of potassium permanganate, the contact of the liquid being prolonged till a film of hydrated manganic oxide has been deposited; the solution is then poured away, and the glass vessel rinsed with some strong hydrochloric acid. Chlorine is then formed, but not enough to cause inconvenience; and, acting in the nascent state on the organic matters, it speedily converts them into substitution products, which are soluble in the slight excess of acid or water.